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AT THE CONVENT OF SAINT HELENA

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The Moral Structure of Creation

BY FREDERICK W. KATES

The fact of the instability of evil is the moral order of the world.

—*Alfred North Whitehead*

That the universe has a moral and spiritual structure as well as a physical is a conviction that for centuries has undergirded the life of mankind. The twin convictions that the universe is morally and spiritually law-abiding and that its moral and spiritual laws are just as steadfast and rigid as any physical laws are foundation-stones upon which man's spiritual life has been built. That God is a righteous God who has built righteousness into the very fabric of the universe He has created and that He will tolerate and allow to endure only what is right and true and just are integral elements in mankind's religious heritage.

One of the great periods in the history of our race was the 6th century B. C. It was this century that saw laid the foundations of great civilizations which have continued until this day. In that century Confucius was

teaching in China, and his teachings have shaped Chinese culture these past 2,500 years. In India the Buddha was stirring the souls of millions of people. In Persia Zoroastrianism was experiencing a vigorous revival. In Israel the great prophets were proclaiming their new insights into the nature of God. In Europe, it was in 512 B. C. that the Tarquins were banished from Rome and a novel form of government, a republic, was set up. In the same year the tyrants were overthrown in Athens and democracy was introduced into the stream of human history. In this same century Ionic culture spread to the Greek mainland and stimulated the Greek mind to its wondrous achievements in philosophy, science, art, and thought. And it was in this period that four supreme masters of the dramatic art appeared in quick succession in Greece—Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes.

Aeschylus wrote 78 plays but only seven of them have come down to us. In them

we find him vividly aware of the moral structure of the universe of him it has been said, "No man was ever more conscious that the universe in which we are living is a moral universe." He knew, as surely we should likewise know who have the benefit of 21 civilizations' experience and all the wisdom of mankind before our day to guide us, that sin has its sure retribution, that injustice carries within itself the seed of its own destruction, that God is a righteous God and demands righteousness of men or else men perish.

What Aeschylus set forth relentlessly in his mighty tragedies—the terrible austerity of the moral order of the universe—was an insight and a truth known to men even before his day.

About the year 750 in the 8th century B. C. a rugged peasant figure from the hill-country south of Jerusalem appeared in that rich and splendid capital-city of Israel and dared to declare in fearless, bold words that the ultimate power in the world was not brute force but righteousness. He went on to say that nothing under heaven could save the individual or the nation which set himself or itself in opposition to that almighty power. Amos was this prophet's name, and he was laughed at, as true prophets commonly are treated, but he was right and those who scoffed at him were tragically wrong. If you recall your history, you will note that the Northern Kingdom of Israel did fall and its destruction and ruin were so devastatingly complete that we do not know to this

day what became of ten of the twelve tribes of Israel.

It is from Amos and his vision of God holding a plumb-line to which individual nations, institutions, cultures, and civilizations, must square-up if they are to endure that perhaps most of us know that there is a principle of rightness in things, that there is at the heart of the universe a stern and immutable tendency or power, not ourselves which makes for righteousness.

But centuries before Aeschylus and Amos had discovered that righteousness is the law of the universe the wise men of Israel had grasped the truth that righteousness is built into the structural constitution of things. "As righteousness tendeth to life: so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death" is one way they worded their insight (Proverbs 11:19). Another is: "In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death." (Proverbs 12:28)

So we might go on almost *ad infinitum* piling up evidence to attest that the greatest minds of our race have so read, experienced and interpreted our world—that it has a moral and spiritual law of righteousness at its heart. Leaving aside the prophets and lawgivers of the Old Testament and Jesus and St. Paul in the New Testament, one has only to think of such names as Socrates and Plato his pupil, Spinoza and Kant, Dante and Shakespeare, Goethe and Abraham Lincoln, to realize how overwhelming is the testimony of the wise and great of the earth to a universal law of righteousness and to its unyielding decrees and invariable exactions.

And not unimpressive and insignificant is the record of history with regard to successive nations and civilizations. Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, Israel, Persia, Greece, Rome, the empires of Charlemagne and Genghis Khan, the papal domain of Innocent III, the empires of Napoleon, Bismarck and Hitler, though we are amazed and awed when we think of what they were, they all have come and gone. The chronicles of history should serve to remind every nation of the mortal world that like "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," they will decay, crumble, and fall, unless they



profit by the example of past empires which fell to ruin because they did not square-up with God's moral plumb-line of righteousness, justice, and truth.

The experience and wisdom of mankind and the history of the human race reinforce the cardinal truth on which religion is based: that when men or nations or institutions depart from the ways of God, which are the pathways of peace and mercy, justice and truth, righteousness and honor, doom inevitably follows in their path.

If this fact is true, and who can deny it? When it is a fact of tremendous importance, not just in the realm of religion but in the lives of men everywhere and in all the affairs of nations and men. It impresses us with three gigantic truths.

1. The universe stands on the side of what is just and right and true, and its will is irresistibly set against what is evil, false, wrong, and unjust.

God is a righteous God—"Righteous art thou, O Lord; and true are thy judgments."—"Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and thy law is truth." And, being a righteous God, God presides over a righteous universe which stands on the side of him or of what is right and just and true. And whatever in this universe, be it my personal conduct or yours, be it the life of our nation or any other nation, or be it even the Church of the Christ and His Father, does not square-up with the righteous will of the righteous God, will surely fall.

That this is so should be a source of terror to the wrong-doer but a fountain of comfort to anyone who is grieved over the injustice, immorality, and evil-doing so flagrant and so widespread in these times. We can rest assured of this, that justice will be done, that righteousness will be served, that all the evil doings reported in our daily newspapers will be brought to strict account. What is wrong and unjust and false cannot and therefore will not endure. We can be as positive of this as that night will follow day, for the universe is built that way. The righteous God who created the universe and who is the Father of mankind hates with a consuming



passion all that is unrighteous, wicked, evil, and not of truth and love.

Be comforted by this knowledge, be strengthened by this awesome certainty: God is a righteous God and He stands at the side of and supports only what is in accord with His righteous will. All that is contrary to His purposes of love and justice and truth will inevitably fall. Why? The universe He created is built that way.

2. A second great truth is hammered home to us by the fact that there is a tendency or power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for and demands righteousness. It is this: the lives of individuals and of nations and cultures and civilizations stand in constant judgment before the throne of the Almighty, Holy, and Righteous God.

We may not like this thought, but there it is, and there it stands, and that is the way things are. We are, each one of us, every day standing in judgment before God, and every day we choose for Heaven or for Hell, for life for death, for salvation or for destruction. Judgment is always going on, and men and nations rise and fall according to the judgment they incur at God's hand.

As religious men read our times, our world is right now undergoing judgment. God demands of men and nations righteous conduct. His way with men and with the world is judgment, and His judgment is descending upon our world this very hour. What is right and in accord with His will alone will survive the tumultuous struggles

of this generation and century. What is evil and wrong is just as certain to fall as that all the armies and nuclear bombs man's wit can invent will be of no avail to save us against a righteous God acting in judgment upon our sins.

We like to think of God, most of us, as a kindly, grandfatherly sort of cosmic Santa Claus with one eye cocked to take especial care of our interests. We dislike even to entertain the idea that God is a stern and severe judge. But, whether we like it or not, God is standing by today as a judge over our sinful and sinning world, and He will uphold what agrees with His righteous will and He will let crash to ruins what is contrary.

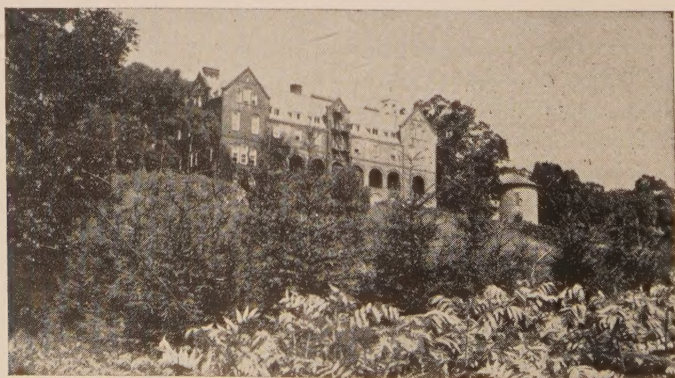
Judgment is sure and inescapable, though it may be long delayed. It may and often comes slowly, but it comes. The time always comes when accounts must be settled, when debts must be paid, when expiation must be made in full measure for wrong-doing and for sin. The dramatists of Greece were as sure of this as the prophets of Israel. Men and nations may neglect, violate, and mock God's commandments, His love and His law and His will, and apparently succeed in doing it for a time, but judgment always comes, inexorably, and may God then have mercy. The mills of God may grind slowly, but they do grind and they grind exceedingly small. The mills of God pulverize to dust whatever does not square-up with God's moral plumb-line, the severe exactions of His righteous law and will.

3. The third great truth emphasized by

the fact of the moral structure of the universe is that man's primary duty and only obligation is to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. This alone is ours to do and if we do this, then all the things we long for will be added unto us—a quiet mind and a contented heart, a conscience that is clear and clear and free, peace of heart and mind and spirit, and serenity and happiness in our days, through the world crash in ruins about our feet.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"—is the way Jesus worded it in describing to His disciples what should be the goal of their aspiration. No less than this can we, or should we, settle for, if we would be God's men and Christ's friends and if we cover living happily and joyously through our years. We are to aim for nothing less than the perfection of God. We are to dwell in the Kingdom of God, where only they may abide who live in harmony with God's love and law and will, who vividly live in daily consciousness of the moral structure of the universe and obey the laws of God's created world.

"As righteousness tendeth to life: so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death." Live in accord with the moral structure of the universe and the good things your heart desires will be yours. Live in defiance of it, if you choose, but then expect to pay the price which is death. This is part at least, of God's message to us and to all the peoples of the nations today.



HOLY CROSS MONASTERY

The Christian and the Novel

BY DAVID WATMOUGH

IN our own time, it appears to me, Christian writers and their 'fellow travelers' in the realm of the dialectical morality, frequently triumph over their contemporaries, precisely because that dialectical tension is preserved. Writing of Charles Williams, the Anglican novelist, playwright and mystic, Anna Ridler makes the following significant comment:

"He (Williams) . . . was preoccupied with ideas rather than form; but drama was natural to him because ideas existed in a state of tension in his mind. Surely the dialectical method is a dramatic method, and if ever anyone's mind worked dialectically, it was his: as no one was better able to assess the value, the essential point, of a contrary opinion, so his own opinions often seemed to be reached through the clash of opposites, and to have in them the elements of both."¹

Although the writer is referring here to Charles Williams' plays, and although I would take issue with her over the inference that he was indifferent to form because of his intense interest in ideas, I think that what she says as to his dialectical method, applies substantially to his novels, in an equal degree to his plays. Indeed more so, as the harmony of idea and form are beautifully held in his novels and, I think, he found in the latter medium, more elbow room for both. Williams was a Christian and his novels: *ALL HALLOWS' EVE*; *DESCENT INTO HELL*; *MANY DIMENSIONS*; *WAR IN HEAVEN*; *THE PLACE OF THE LION*; *SHADOWS OF ECSTASY*, and *THE GREATER TRUMPS* all reveal the dialectical tension to which I have frequently referred. But his dialect was a strange one; it centers around the eternal conflict between the essences of God and Evil—on both the natural and supernatural planes of existence, at one and the same time. Yet his novels are *not*

didactic in the sense of 'out to teach the reader something,' but rather, as T. S. Eliot says in his introduction to *ALL HALLOWS' EVE*, (where he compares him to Chesterton)—" . . . Williams had no . . . 'palpable design' upon his reader. His aim is to make you partake of a kind of experience that he has had, rather than to make you accept some dogmatic belief."²

It is this, I think, that makes him succeed as an artist where many Christian writers have failed. Compare Williams' fathoming of the eerie mystery of life with the short, sharp words of Mailer's *THE NAKED AND THE DEAD*, or James Jones' *FROM HERE TO ETERNITY*. Theirs is photography, his is revelation. . .

If Williams heightens our perception of the drama of good and evil, both upon the human stage and off it, the French Catholic novelist, Francois Mauriac reveals brilliantly, pitilessly, the ugliness of spiritual corruption. Mauriac can make us feel uncomfortable, even cast us into gloom—then his creative activity focuses primarily upon sin, its nature and expression, against an exalted back-drop of Catholic morality. And sin is never joyful. . .

The novels of Mauriac have been superbly translated into English by the Anglican, Gerard Hopkins and in their English forms are English works of art. *THE MASK OF INNOCENCE* (*Les Anges Noire*) reveals supremely the author's fascination with the dialectic of man's struggle, incarnate in each motive and action, as he is the 'meeting-place' of vice and virtue. We perceive the faculty of Grace, running as a thin white thread through the sombre gloom of corrupted spirit—the gloom so dark that Mauriac has been accused several times of Jansenist tendencies. (He is certainly not a 'popular' writer with his co-religionists, either in France or abroad.) But the grace

1. Introduction to "Seed of Adam and Other Plays By Charles Williams" by Anne Ridler, (New York, Oxford University Press, 1948) With generous permission of the publishers.

2. *ALL HALLOWS' EVE*, by Charles Williams. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young) With generous permission of the publishers.



SAINT STEPHEN

By Martino di Bartolomineo

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

is always there, the hope never *quite* suffocated. Let me quote from this novel; a passage where a priest (Mauriac frequently

uses the 'ecclesiastical context') is reading diary sent to him by a man "who has never ceased to keep faith with the flesh, obedient to its every demand, so wholly subservient to its will that he had even committed crimes in its name." ³

"... He completed a page, paused for breath, raised his eyes to the figure of Christ as though to draw strength from it, and plunged once more into the sea of mud with feelings not so much of horror as of fear. The mystery of evil, brooding on which had always been his besetting temptation, the mystery at the thought of which Tota's brother had more than once lost heart, was here in his hands, packed tight between the blue covers of a small, ruled exercise book. He read without pausing—until he reached the passage where Gradere, obsessed by the Devil, had quoted something said to him by an older priest. . . "there are human souls that have been given to *him*." "No" he protested in a loud voice: "No, oh God, not that!"

Alain did not believe that any soul could be given over entirely to 'him' . . . for, if that were so, then all souls must be in like predicament, because, ever since the Fall, each generation of men had inherited from the forbears enough of evil to ensure their damnation—an obscure madness which starting far back in the history of the Race had been embodied in every individual, down to those still living—vices kept in chains in some, triumphant in others, coming to rare flower in great-great-nephews. . . But had not an invisible Being been given power over this corrupt substance, to hammer it into docility—an archangel? (though most men did not even know if his existence.) Not only did he pound the hideous refuse of their passions into hearts. He can make use of the longing for them for tenderness, of the passionate desire they feel to give themselves. . .

'Lord'—thought Alain, 'I, too, know what loneliness means. And you too, know what having suffered it unto death in the night of that fatal Thursday and Friday, what loneliness a man may feel when the Father

3. THE MASK OF INNOCENCE, by Francois Mauriac. (New York: Farrar, Straus & Young) With generous permission of the publishers.

abandoned him. . . do not permit your Enemy, the Power of Darkness, the Prince of this World, to use it for His purpose of damnation. . . But whence comes His power? To whom is he answerable for his Princedom? . . .

He had fallen to his knees, his hands clasped on the open exercise book. Those hands of his, formed to bless and absolve, were in contact with the page where, beneath each line, was the faint mark left by Gradere's finger nail. This ordained priest was praying on a written record of crime. In an effort of obedience he reminded himself of what he had been taught at the Seminary. No human creature has anything in himself but lies and sin. The power to love God is in the gift of God alone, and His love is His recompense to us for what His love has given. But it is He who is the source of all good, it is we who are the source of all evil. Each time that we perform some act of goodness it is God who operates in us and through us; but every act of evil belongs to us, and to us alone. Where evil is concerned, we are, to some extent, as gods. . . This man Gradere, has chosen to be a god. . ."

I have quoted this passage at length, not only because it sums up, as it were, what the 'proyant' novelist, conscious of this good-evil dialectic, can do with his art, but because it also tells us something about the kind of world that Mauriac's imagination inhabits. It is a world where the will-to-evil in man is strong; Mauriac's France is not composed of saints—he often sees virtue and physical suffering allied, and a perpetual struggle against the selfishness of physical pain arising from it. But above all, his characters reflect: if they reject, they know what they're rejecting, if they commit an evil act, they know what remorse is, even conscience—although they may, and often do devise means of deadening both, usually by a rationalization of the guilt or a transferring of it to others whose lives are closely intertwined with their own.

Now such subject matter as all this, carries with it, its own limitations. From time to time in reading Mauriac's novels I have

wished that he would open a further window in his imagination and let a little fresh air in. Too many of his characters react identically to selfishness, deceit, unfaithfulness and pure hate. This is largely due to the small canvas that he employs. The milieu is either 'Les landes' and Bordeaux, or Paris, his characters invariably upper-middle-class, usually rather specialists in their sins and virtues. The demarcations of vice and virtue are just a little too clearly defined in terms of each character, who themselves are just a little too much of stock 'Confessional characters'. But this aside, there *is* a depth to his work. And there is all the 'action' that a man can want, only it is the stealthy action within the heart and mind, the slow corrosion by the poison of hate, the steady corruption of spirit-life by an entire subservience to the flesh, and the strangling of all virtue by the insidiousness of pride. It is not for nothing that he is a Nobel Prize-winner and no little part of his greatness lies in the fact that writing as a Catholic, using Catholic terms, treating of Catholic subjects—we are never offered a sermon, and always presented with drama of a universal significance.

A writer in something of the same vein, though, to my mind, more uneven, and usually less profound, is Graham Greene. In *BRIGHTON ROCK*, *THE HEART OF THE MATTER* etc., we discern the same pre-occupation with sin, together with a somewhat jaundiced attitude towards all human endeavor—a natural reaction to the facile moral optimism of the intellectuals of forty years ago and more. An optimism, it may be pointed out, that has not altogether disappeared from our society.

However, in *THE POWER AND THE GLORY*, Graham Greene presents us with a superb and heartrending portrayal of the sense of dereliction contained in the Catholic concept of priesthood. This is a novel that no Seminarian or ordained priest should fail to read—or layman either, if he wishes to know what priesthood *really* is. As a study in priesthood it compares favorably with that other novel, concerned with the subject, *THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST* by Georges Bernanos, which plunges to the

depth of the mystery of Grace and is a vivid study of physical agony (cancer) in conjunction with social rejection and misunderstanding. The story of an 'isolate' who finds the strength to continue, solely in the clear waters of faith. The young priest, as he is about to die thus able to murmur: "Grace is everywhere." Here we have, finally, Catholic vindication—though neither Mauriac nor Greene fortunately for their art, succumb to the temptation to portray Christianity as a success as the world rates success.

Out of the liberal conscience which has issued from historic Christianity, there come today such books as those of Alan Paton: *CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY* and *TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE*. It is noticeable that these and the other books that go to swell the ranks of modern South African literature, have an external problem posited, namely that of the racial conflict. It is in this that Paton finds his dialectic, as Faulkner often does in the American South. It is not new, of course, for they are in the great tradition of protest, social, political etc. And it can make for great writing. One thinks immediately of Steinbeck's magnificent contribution to American letters, his *GRAPES OF WRATH*, and the incipient protest of Sinclair Lewis' satirical *MAIN STREET* and *BABBITT*. This 'regionalism' or dialectic is valid enough but it would perhaps be re-assuring to know that a group (or even one!) of first-rate novelists were with us today, to pass on the creatively perceived moral conflict which is common to *all* humanity. Causes come and go, but 'that which I would I do not' is the problem always with us.

Before leaving the subject of 'croyant' writers—and here I include those with a cause as well as a faith—we might well ask the question: can the novel as an art-form, bear the weight of a sustained, consciously didactic purpose? Can a Christian, or a Communist, or an outraged Jew, write a novel that is to succeed as a novel, if the prime purpose is to promulgate a set series of beliefs? I think not. I think that the 'faith-status' of the writer and the interpre-

tation that he gives to all that impinges upon his artistic consciousness must be finally incidental and subordinate to his vocation of creating through language. It is here that the Christian and the Puritan part company and it explains, in the last analysis, why puritanism is inimical to all art—which is essentially an activity that can know of no didactic restriction. If we view literature in this catholic way, we shall be constantly enriching our personalities as we engage in it. And we shall learn that profounder humility that will not lead us to reject the wisdom that God transmits through the vehicle of those who articulately reject Him. We shall discover that the world of books is 'the whole parish' for Christians, and that the unpleasant narrowness which resolves in an attitude of hostility towards art, and which still blemishes the Christian world in many places, will finally disappear from our midst. The Christian writers I have mentioned as novelists, have been artists first, in terms of their work, and Christians second. And this is not morally wrong or indefensible; it does not impair their Christian status as *persons*. They elect to write of the lives of Christians, or to concentrate on the dialectical struggle between Good and Evil, but this is neither their intention, and fortunately their achievement, to hand us catechisms wrapped up in the fine tissue of elevated prose. We can learn from them, we can appreciate their art, even use what fragments of apologetic are scattered through their work but as Christian Readers we are not confined to a reading of their work, either to learn, or to enjoy.

Finally I wish to take two books that have appeared recently and state the kind of thing that the Christian can gain from such books and why one strikes me, as a *Christian reader*, as being greatly superior to the other. Neither book is by an avowed Christian, though one is by an author whose publisher tells us that he "is greatly drawn to Quakerism; the other is by a novelist, whom I do not think is a Christian, though he is the son of a famous one, the historian Arnold Toynbee. The former author is Christopher Isherwood, and his recent novel is *The*

WORLD IN THE EVENING; the other, Philip Toynbee whose novel THE GARDEN TO THE SEA made its appearance in England last year and was published in America a few months ago. Both books are well-written, (though I consider Toynbee's superior in this respect) and both books are 'modern' in the sense that they reflect basic characteristics of contemporary Western Society.

Isherwood's book belongs to a vast group of modern novel-writing which might be described as the 'sensitive' school. In quality they range from indifferent products such as the recent first novel, THE WATERS UNDER by Charles Ingle to Mr. Isherwood's book which is probably the best of them. They usually deal with a thing called "love" and share a basic supineness arising from an ignorance or indifference to the moral factors inherent in human existence. Words like 'compassionate', and 'meek' do not belong to their vocabulary and 'ruthful' has no modern equivalent. The characters are never 'whole' or 'serene', but 'sensitive.' Sensitive young men and women abound everywhere in this majority group of modern novels, but, strangely, they rarely command our compassion. We perceive too facilely, their nihilism towards their own emotions. In THE WORLD IN THE EVENING such characters as I have briefly adumbrated are everywhere to be found. There they all are: Stephen Monk, the hero, his second wife, Jane, the doctor and his young friend, the youthful homosexual photographer in Europe—all frightfully sensitive, frightfully bewildered. And while they all seem to have had superior education and possess the power to moan articulately, they do really seem to be devoid of any brains—or if they have them—not concerned to use them to perceive the hard moral struggle which must be theirs if any 'wholeness' any real serenity, is to be theirs. They just ache and drift, and seduce and are misunderstood. And how right! The cities of our time swarm with such gentle, sensitive painful people, for whom nothing that is hard in terms of moral struggle can ever be right. Mr. Isherwood has caught the likeness. . . .



SAINT LAWRENCE AND SAINT JOHN

By Defendente Ferrari

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

There are two other important characters in this novel: one seems to be the All-wise, the other the All-good. They especially interest the Christian reader because, I think, they are attempts, rare attempts by a modern writer, to create moral characters. One of them is Elizabeth, an English novelist, Stephen's first wife—dead by the time the novel begins. She is supremely THE UN-

DERSTANDING WOMAN, given to tolerance and, to my mind, an incredible degree of spiritual presumption and arrogance. However, her husband (and presumably the author) think otherwise: "I knew now that, at that moment, she saw all life as pain,—attachment as pain, gratification as pain, possession as pain—and, in the midst of this realization, found some kind of clarity and peace." 4

In fact the character of Elizabeth that emerges is no such Dostoevskian figure. For one thing, she doesn't change one whit, from before the onset of her illness to her death. She is the same Great Mother type of woman, beloved by weak men, who writhes luxuriantly at every opportunity that comes her way to demonstrate her selflessness and 'resignation.' Even her pain becomes a part of a subtle drag-net to 'ensure' the possession of her husband. (This aspect reads like something out of Mauriac, though, I suspect, such was far from the author's intention.) But pseudo-virtue has one predominant characteristic—it must NOT be kept under a bushel—at least not altogether. Thus, we have a correspondent, Mary, to whom Elizabeth can write and tell just what a wonderful woman she really is.

"Stephen *very* seldom leaves me—he is so sweet and patient about that, and you must never dream that anything I write to you about my being alone implies the slightest criticism of him. . . ."

"Went and collapsed on the nearest chair. 'Very well,' I said to myself, 'perhaps you *are* going to die now. What does it matter? Everybody dies alone, even if it's in a hospital ward or the middle of a battlefield. No one can really help. Why should Stephen be present? Do you want to torture him? Or are you, by any chance, planning a farewell speech? What's behind all this?'" 5

She then goes on to describe how she managed to quiet herself and finally was able to laugh.

"I am sure you *would* have laughed, Mary,

if you'd been with me. I'm only afraid that reading about it in this letter may harrow you. That's the last thing I want. And yet I have to write this to you. It's really important to me." 6

The publisher's blurb tells us that "H. (Stephen) learns to see. . . the true greatness of Elizabeth, which was not in her writing (her novels)." Yet for me, at least, and I believe for Christians generally, Elizabeth is the only really wicked person in the book! Moralizing, to which she is frequently addicted in her letters, does not make for greatness—it is carried on in every bar under the sun by surprisingly 'little' people. And she is the only character who flirts sufficiently with virtue to send herself spinning down to hell.

Now for the Christian character in the novel. She is a middle-aged Quaker spinster who would once have liked to be Stephen's mother—had the fates, meaning Stephen's father, been more willing. Significantly, she is *completely static* as a moral creation. Brimming with a fussy charity which the author wants us to see as eminently lovable and mildly irritating at one and the same time, she never really appears as a Christian—only as a faint Christ. And the too is thoroughly representative of our time. To the world one is either Jesus or a hypocrite. The 'real Christian' as their phrase has it, possesses a halo—the rest, non-Christians (not un-real ones like us), have psychiatrists. There is absolutely no dialectic in this moral character of Sarah the Quaker: never "Lord have mercy on me miserable sinner! but always the thought more akin to the cross than the pilgrim's to it: "nevertheless thy will, not mine." Sarah 'fails' as a character because, in spite of her Christian profession, in spite of her real generosity and kindness, there is struggle. Even the saints struggle. For this is the contemporary world's picture of what a Christian is, and it has as much reality as the worship of a gilded statue. "Know your enemy" is a counsel of war, 'know your brethren' is a counsel of Christian love. A

4. THE WORLD IN THE EVENING, by Christopher Isherwood. (New York: Random House, Inc., 1954) With generous permission of the publishers.

5. *Ibid.*

6. *Ibid.*

part of knowing them, is to know what they think of us—this novel helps considerably in making that clear.

A wholly different kind of book, a sore, harsh novel, that seizes on brutal words and savage imagery to clothe the author's penetrating vision of our time, is *THE GARDEN TO THE SEA*. Mr. Toynbee's book is, in some respects, a "difficult" book. But its difficulties are those of our condition and not set up arbitrarily by a writer to create a cheap impression. Based on the expulsion from Eden theme, the novel is a record, in personal terms, of the disintegration of society. We are treated to the monologues of a fragmented personality, that strive, and by the end of the novel, partially succeed, in attaining some measure of unity. In this respect the novel optimistically anticipates its social implications. Then, the basic unity of personality is always more sinewy and resilient than a cultural pattern.

The hero of the work, Adam, awakes in hospital, inquires about his past, and is answered by his own voices from the past. These other voices representing facets of his personality are named: Noel, the Voice of his innocence, Tom, the Voice of his Fall, and Charley, the Voice of his Punishment. The book is a study of their several assertions. But the moral terminology of each Voice is misleading. Rather we are presented with a dialogue between reality and self-pity—itself admirable as a prophetic insight into the human situation which confronts us. But supremely, it is the frustration of incommunicability that is delineated which excites

the Christian reader. This is not prose-photography, but shocking revelation. The last war plays a major part in the memory sequences contained in *THE GARDEN TO THE SEA*, and its effect upon the characters is not pretty—non-redeemed reality seldom is. The rawness which this profound novel portrays is precisely that rawness into which the cleansing, sanctifying love of the raw Cross must penetrate; the agonizing rupture of human nature in its individual and pluralist aspects is precisely that which the identifying force of agape seeks to edify. Our Faith, which embraces the Hope of the Garden, is bidden by the Divine Imperative, to plunge into the Sea of man's wreckage. Fearless, prophetic novels of this kind, both stimulate the Christian passion to take wholeness where wholeness is not, and illumine the context where it must take root.

The knowledgeable reader will, I fear, be only too painfully aware of the limitations of an article such as this, where I have selected so few authors and taken a mere handful of books and sought to display their relevance to the Christian mind. For if there is no end to the making of books, there is no end towards our exegetical activity towards them. However, if what I have written has served to stimulate the Christian Reader, to blow the dust of those superior novels which have lain too long in his closet, or to spend two or three dollars on buying the finer novels of our time, in order both to be enriched by the experience and to find light to flood on the world we are called to love, then I shall be well content.



Principles of Spiritual Progress

BY SHIRLEY C. HUGHSON, O. H. C.

WHEN sin or wrong doing of any kind, has found place in a life, in order to be rid of its guilt, repentance is necessary. In every age this has been the first note of Christian preaching. When St. John the Baptist came into the wilderness of the Jordan, proclaiming the speedy coming of the Kingdom of God, his first word was, "Repent ye" When our Lord began His ministry, speaking as never man spake, He took up the same exhortation; and when on the day of Pentecost the apostles went forth into the streets of Jerusalem declaring the revelation of Christ through the Holy Spirit, their first word of reply to the anxious inquiry of the throng whose hearts had been touched by their preaching, was "Repent ye."

These words of the preaching of the kingdom presented no new idea to those who heard them. No prophet of old had ever brought a message to God's people without making the same demand, and no man resented it. Everywhere men agreed without question that repentance was due from him who had sinned.

And men have always acted upon this belief. Sorrow for wrong-doing is universal among men. There has perhaps never been a sinner since our first parents partook of the forbidden fruit, and by that act brought sin into the world and all our woe, who at some time and in some way did not repent of sins.

But everything depends upon the nature of the sorrow that he felt. It is a common thing to find men sorry for some wrong-doing because of the unforeseen suffering and trouble that it brings upon them or others. A certain act of selfishness, of anger, of violence, of lust, of covetousness might produce a lifelong regret of a deep and poignant kind. Men have been known to take their own lives in the bitterness of a remorse which haunted the soul, and quenched the light of life, and turned what should have been its best and sweetest joys into gall.

But none of these is the repentance that is meant when the word is used in its best and highest sense. All manner of selfish motives might, and often do, lie behind these forms of sorrow for sin; and it is often the case that such motives actually add to the sin rather than diminish it. Those who brood over moral and spiritual blunders with selfish and therefore sinful motive, do but add to their guilt.

True repentance, whether it be for a wrong done to God or man, must always have its root in love. Consciousness of having offended one whom we love will always produce a sorrow that is ennobling; a repentance that will manifest itself in high and selfless acts of reparation. The deeper and richer the love, the finer will be the quality of the repentance that it produces, the nobler and more selfless will be the course of reparation to which it will compel the penitent.

When we thus realize the nature of repentance, we can see that the call to repentance is a call to love. When our Lord cried, "Repent ye," it was a demand upon the soul to look into its relation to the good God against whom it had offended; to search for the grounds of love: to realize and fulfill the obligations of love: for if this were done repentance would inevitably follow. If men realized how good and loving God was, if they felt their own hearts responding to the generous love with which He loved them, then would their acts of ingratitude, their neglect of His will, stand out in such painful relief that they could find no rest of spirit until they had, by bringing forth fruit worthy of repentance, made that amend which not only the justice of God, but the better instinct of their own nature would demand of them.

Let us not fail, then, to understand the true nature of repentance, for without the right understanding of it, it will not be possible for us to respond to the continual call of the Gospel, "Repent ye," Repentance can

not lie in a sorrow for sin arising out of the unhappy consequences which that sin has produced. It does not find its motive in the wounded self love, in the hurt pride, with which we contemplate our actions when the issue has proved that these actions were wicked or unwise. The true ground of repentance is to be found in the knowledge that we have wounded the heart of one who loves us, and who has the right to claim our love.

Nor must we fall into the error of thinking that repentance consists in mere emotion. It may involve emotion, and perhaps with most people it does. There are few persons, unless indeed they are wholly bad, who can contemplate a profound wrong they have done, without a very real stirring of feeling. But, as we all know, life does not consist in feeling but in facts. Emotion may be the

expression of a profound moving within which is to affect permanently the future course of one's life; or it may be but a passing gust of feeling, strong today and gone tomorrow.

Real repentance must be more than this. It must lie in the will, not merely in the emotions. The regret which it involves must be accompanied not only by a sense of grief and shame, but by a strong mental repudiation of the act, a repudiation of such a nature as to produce a determination never to commit the same act again, and also to do all within one's power to make amends and reparation for the wrong that has been done. The true test of repentance will lie in the persistence of the effort to amend, and to repair the sin.

Repentance, though not an emotion, but a work, is not a work which we can perform once for all and have done with. Sorrow for



SAINT FRANCIS PREACHING TO THE BIRDS
By Giotto

the violation of an earthly love does not so operate, neither does the sorrow which we experience when we have wounded the loving heart of God by sin. If I have indeed proved untrue to my friend, and he has generously forgiven me, the memory of that failure will ever after spur me on to greater faithfulness to him; and should any suggestion come to me to be untrue to him again, the memory of my past infidelity will make me quick to thrust the temptation from me.

The same thing works in the soul of man in respect to his offences against God. He is my best and truest friend. In a moment of selfishness and wilfulness I reckoned not of His loving purpose for me. I cared not that again I pierced His Sacred Heart if only I could have my own way. Then came the realization of my sin, the keen anguish of the knowledge that I had hurt one who, in His great love, had given Himself for me, and whose love and care had been poured out upon me all the days of my life. If my love is deep, and my sorrow real, it will not be possible for me lightly again to repeat the offense. Just here, then, lies the test of my repentance.

But let us not bring discouragement upon our souls by thinking that all is lost should we fall again. Many a soul has been led to think the commandments of God grievous, and His service impossible, by forgetting His attitude toward the sinner. He hates the sin, but He loves the sinner. "He knows whereof we are made. He remembers that we are but dust." He is patient and long suffering; He does not ask perfection of us, but only that we use the means of grace and strength which His love provides, only that we try, and keep on trying. Again and

again we may fall, as often as we fall He stands ready to receive and pardon us if we come to Him with penitent hearts. We recall the excuse which He made for His disciples when they failed Him in Gethsemane—"The spirit truly is willing but the flesh is weak." He knew the strength their desire and the weakness of their wills. So also does He know us. But if, when we fall, we rise up again and turn to Him, depending not on our own strength, but on the strength which He will give us through His own ordained channels of Sacrament and prayer, we can be assured that He will receive and pardon. We have the assurance of His own word,—“Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.”

He who gave to His disciples the rule of forgiveness when His brother offended against him,—“Not until seven times but until seventy times seven,” will not Himself be less forgiving than He required weak and passionate Peter to be.

Our course, therefore, is clear and simple. Let love have its way. Never stifle the regret that wells up in the heart at the consciousness of having hurt and wounded our Lord who we love. Never for one little moment seek to silence conscience, or to turn a deaf ear to its voice. Remember that He whom you have wounded waits in loving patience for you to come back to Him; indeed, that voice of conscience is none other than His voice. Speak to Him as a child might speak to his loving Father; tell Him you have failed Him; ask Him to give you the power of will to stand. No, when the temptation comes again; hasten by humble confession to receive that grace of absolution which He has prepared for the strengthening and cleansing of sinners; approach the altar of God and find there through receiving Him the same power which He used in the hour of His temptation to trample Satan under His feet; and then go forth with the certain assurance that even though your life may not be wholly perfect, in the end you cannot fail.

Follow this course, follow it persistent, and no man can pluck you out of His hand. Follow it, and the crown of life and victory will be yours in the end.



The Dream of the Rood.

Lo! I will tell of a vision choice,
Which came upon me in the midst of night,
What time speech-bearing men were at rest.
Methought I saw a tree sublime,
On high extending—light-encircled—
Of trees the tree the most bright; all that beacon was
With gold o'erlaid; gems stood
Fair, near the surface of the earth; such also were five
Upon the shoulder-span. Gazing there upon it were
Angels of the Lord—fair since their first creation
Nor was that, there, indeed a cross of ill-repute—
Upon it there were gazing holy spirits,
Men on earth, and all creation glorious.
Sublime was that true victory-tree!
And I, for sin proscribed, was galled with stains.
Saw I that wondrous tree with garments honored,
With delights besprent; adorned with gold,
Gems had covered worthily the Ruler's cross.
I, however, through that gold, was able to perceive
The ancient strife of wretched men—
At once, upon the right side, the tree began to bleed!
All with sorrow was I stirred.
Fearful was I before that radiant sight,
As I beheld that ready beacon change in vesture
And in hue—the while it was with moisture there bedewed
Soiled with blood's streaming, although with treasure dight
Long while I saw there—rueful with care beheld the Redeemer's tree
Until at length I heard it speak with resonant voice;
Began these words to utter—wood divine:
“That was years ago—yet I recall it—
When I was hewn down at the forest's edge;
Removed from my stem, seized me there strong foes,
Wrought they me for them a spectacle;
Bade they me their criminals to bear.
They bore me thence, young men upon their shoulders,
Until they set me down upon a hill.
Fixed me there my foemen fast and sure.
Then I beheld the Master of mankind, with courage great,
Come hasting towards me as to mount upon me.
There then I did not dare—opposing God's command—
Either to bow nor to break. There I saw tremble
The corners of the Earth. All those friends
I could have felled—yet stood I fast.
Unclad him then that youthful hero—He was God Almighty!
Strong and brave in spirit—mounted he the gallows high,
Boldly in sight of men; for there he would mankind redeem.
I trembled when the young man clasped me,
Nor dared I to bow to earth, nor to the surface fall.
Stand fast I must. A cross was I upraised,
And I lifted up the powerful King, the Lord of Heaven.
To bend me durst I not. Though drove they me
With heavy nails; upon me still scars to be seen.
Wide malicious wounds; yet dared I no one injure.

They mocked us both together ; all over was I with blood bedrenched,
 Streaming from this Man's side, when He had sent His spirit forth.
 Many a cruel deed I on that mount endured ;
 Saw I the Lord of Hosts served cruelly.
 Darkness enshrouded the body of the Creator
 And its effulgent light—forth went a shadow,
 Wan beneath the clouds. Wept all Creation :
 They bewailed their King's departure—Christ was on the Cross.
 But ah ! then hasting from afar came eager ones
 To Him who was their Prince. I beheld it all.
 Sorely was I with sorrows fraught ;
 Bowed I nevertheless to hands of men.
 Humbly with zeal amain took they therefrom Almighty God,
 Lifted Him down from heavy torment.
 They left me there, the warriors, standing with blood bedrenched,
 And full was I with arrows wounded.
 They laid Him down His wearied frame ;
 Stood they then at His body's head
 And gazed upon their Heaven's Lord.
 Near Him awhile they rested,
 Weary from great labor spent.
 Began they then for Him a grave to fashion—
 These worthy men—within the slayers' sight.
 Carved it out of brilliant stone, and placed therein
 The Lord of Victories—began for Him a sorrow-lay to sing,
 Desolate at eventide. Then they would afterwards depart
 Wearied, from their great Ruler : remained He there
 With but a small band attendant
 And we there, lamenting, for a while stood upright ;
 But a cry arose among the warriors.
 The body grew cold—fair soul's abode—
 Since us they 'gan to fell to earth withal.
 That was a fearful fate ! In deep pit they buried us.
 Me there, however, the Lord's thegns, his friends'
 Sought out by inquiry ; with gold and silver me adorned.
 Now thou mayest understand, hero mine, beloved,
 That I, the work of evil men, had to endure
 Sore sorrows. But now is come the time
 When me they honor far and wide.
 Men upon the Earth, and all the glorious Creation
 Prayeth them to this their beacon. Upon me the Son of God.
 Suffered throes awhile—therefore now, full of majesty
 Under the heavens I tower aloft, and I am able to heal
 Every one of those in whom reverence for me resides.
 Of old I had been a punishment—the hardest—
 By men the most abhorred, ere for them life's Way
 Arightly opened—for all speech-bearing mankind.
 Lo ! me then hath exalted, in worth, the Glorious Prince
 Above all other forest trees—Heaven's Guardian—
 Just so His Mother, truly Mary's self,
 Almighty God before all men exalted hath
 In worth above all woman-kind."
 Not many powerful friends on earth I own ;
 Forth hence have they departed from world's joys.
 The wondrous King they sought ; in Heaven they dwell
 In bliss with the Exalted Father.
 And I await each day when me—who on a time
 On earth beheld the Holy Rood—He from this waning life,



PIETA
French—XV Century

May fetch, and fling me thence where everlasting
Bliss abides—delight in Heaven where dwells
The Shepherd's flock, seated at feasting in continual joy.
And may I then seat me there where thenceforth
I may dwell in glory, and the fountains—with the saints—
Of minstrelsy enjoy.
Be gracious to me, Lord who here on Earth,
Once suffered on the gallows tree for sins of men.
He hath redeemed us, and to us hath given
An everlasting Home in Heaven.
Hope was restored, with joy and blessedness,
To those who of old the fire endured.
The Son victorious fared on his journey.
Mighty was He, full honored, when amid the throng,
A host of souls, into God's Kingdom He ascended,
Almighty Ruler, delight of angels; to all
The holy ones in Heaven, who dwelt in glory there of yore,
Thither their Master came, Almighty God
To His own abode returning.

Translated by Herbert Pierrepont Houghton.

Choicest blossom of Anglo-Saxon Christian poetry; religious feeling never more beautifully clothed; no other instance of dream-poem in pre-Conquest England; it belongs to Cynewulfian poetry; probably by Cynewulf himself; portions of this poem have been found carved on the Ruthwell Cross, near Dumfries, Scotland.

This poem comprises 156 lines or verses; it consists of three parts 1) the poet's description of the Holy Cross (vv. 1-27); 2) The story of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, told by the Cross itself (vv. 28-121); and 3) the poet's reflection on what he beheld in his vision (vv. 122-156).

The Hope of Glory

BY FRANK L. VERNON

HAVE taken as the title for this meditation, "The hope of glory." You remember where the words are found. In the first chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Colossians, in the twenty-seventh verse: "The riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory."

What does the word mystery mean? It means divine truth reserved for and imparted to the initiate. The mystery is the clear, crystal, unchanging, unchangeable truth which God gives to those whom He has prepared by divine grace to receive it. Now, the center, the very heart of the mystery, is our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the center of the supernatural life dwelling in the soul of the Christian. The means by which this initiation and development are achieved is through the Sacraments instituted by our Lord Himself for that end. Supernatural, efficient as the Sacraments are, we must always remember that the Sacraments are means to an end. And the end is that Christ may dwell in the soul, transmuting the natural life at its source into supernatural life, as the water was changed to wine, and sublimating all the elemental energy of the natural life into the supernatural energy of the supernatural life, of which the source is our Lord Jesus Christ. And this process of transmutation, of sublimation, is to proceed until at last the soul cries out in amazed and grateful recognition, "I live, yet not I. The old things are passed away and all things are made new, for Christ dwelleth in me!"

Now this is the supreme miracle of grace. It may be that we have been quite unconscious of it, because of the influence of previous teaching which has presented the Christian religion to us as a substitution offered by our Lord, in which we have little share. But the Christian religion teaches us identification. We are to be identified with Christ. He is to live in us and through us, as far as our capacity will allow. And after that, all that we never could do and all that

we never could be, He will do for us and be for us. But we must be so identified with Him that we are lost in Him and truly believe that it is not we who live, but Christ who liveth in us. Our souls are to be the tabernacles in which Christ lives. Our bodies are to be the monstres through which His life is manifested in our flesh.

We could really stop here. If we, at the end of this meditation, could not only possess but be possessed by this truth, it would have led us to all that we could desire or need until our time of probation in this world is over and we have entered into the unknown world of our purgation. Christ in you the hope of glory.

To make frequent and habitual access through the day and in any waking moment of the night, there is no better way than to train ourselves instinctively to say, "Blessed, praised, hallowed and adored be Jesus Christ, enshrined in my soul." It only took you a very few moments to receive the Blessed Sacrament this morning, but you entered again into your state of perpetual communion. Waking, sleeping, by day, by night, without the loss of a heartbeat or a breath—*always* in the state of communion—your souls the tabernacles and your wills the lamp that burns day and night. Christ in you the hope of glory.

This is not a pious aspiration. This is the Christian life. It is not reserved for the spiritually privileged, the highly gifted. This is the normal life of the normal Christian. Baptism is the Sacrament of initiation into this state, as it is the Sacrament of adoption. In the mysteries of Baptism the soul is incorporated into the Body of Christ. It becomes a member of Christ, just as our arms or hands are members of our bodies, an organic union by means of which the life of the Head flows into the members through the constituted channels, so that at the will of the Head, the member moves in instant obedience. The soul is born again. As at ma

creation the Holy Ghost breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul, so at man's redemption, at his re-creation, the Holy Ghost breathes into the nostrils of man and he becomes the son, the child of God. The soul is given the capacity to receive the benefits of grace which are to come in subsequent Sacraments. The term of the virtues of faith by which man believes, of hope by which he adheres, and of charity by which he loves, are imparted to the soul in germ form, to grow into the fullness of power. The Christian is not free from concupiscence, but that very concupiscence becomes the occasion of the triumphant probation in which man is enabled to die daily from sin. To become alive to God daily until finally, when the state of probation is finished, the soul is wholly dead to sin and alive to God. I have found it a help to say the *Anima Christi* daily, signing the forehead, the eyes, the ears, the nose, the mouth, the hands, as one is signed when one is anointed for the natural death. Anointed for the daily dying—for we die daily.

Now, all this is a supernatural transaction. We must always remember that. It transcends the natural. It brings us into the realm of laws unknown in the natural world, into the realm of forces concerning which the natural world knows nothing. It is the miracle of grace—a miracle. The soul which does not look for miracles of grace in itself seeks the one thing which will make the means of grace possible—faith. Our faith saves us. Our knowledge may be ever so exact or it may be ever so slight. Faith will supply every lack.

Sometime, in the quiet, recall your most oppressive discouragement. Bring it out frankly and boldly into the light. You need not persuade yourself that you have no need of discouragement. So long as you are self-contained, you have every reason to be discouraged. Look unto Jesus. Hear Him speak. "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" Then tell Him. Then listen. "If thou canst believe." And if you have the faith say concerning the thing which you have never dared to aspire to, "Lord, I believe. I cannot promise You that I may not yield

to depression; but if You will help me through all the darkness and in all the solitude and the loneliness, I will steadfastly believe. I will put my whole trust and confidence in *You*." Some day, somewhere, you will hear Him say, "O woman, great is thy faith. Thy faith hath saved thee. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." That is the highest and the best act of adoration that can be made to our Lord Jesus Christ.



THE ASSUMPTION

By Borgognone

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

The Augustinian Catena

CHAPTER I.

Of the ineffable goodness of GOD.

1. O God my Advocate, who knowest me throughout: let me know Thee, O Strength of my soul.

Show Thyself to me, O my Comforter, let me see Thee, O Light of mine eyes.

Come, O Joy of my soul, let me see Thee, Delight of my heart, let me love Thee, Life of my soul:

Be Thou to me my great delight, my sweet solace, O Lord my God, my Life and the only glory of my soul.

Let me find Thee, O Desire of my heart; let me hold Thee fast, O Love of my soul; let me embrace Thee, O heavenly Spouse. Thou art my highest joy, within as without: let me possess Thee, O eternal Felicity.

Let me possess Thee, in the depths of my heart, O blessed Life, O Perfection of my soul's delight.

I will love Thee, O Lord my Strength, O Lord, my stony rock and my defence, my Saviour, I will love Thee, O Lord my Helper, the tower of my strength, and my hope in all my tribulations.

Let me love and esteem Thee, O good Lord, without whom nothing is good.

Let me feed upon Thee with delight, O Perfection, without whom nothing is perfect.

Open the inner porches of my ears to Thy word, which is sharper than any two-edged sword, that I may hear Thy voice.

Thunder, O Lord, from above, in a deep strong voice: let the sea make a noise and all that is in it. Let the earth be moved, and all that is upon it.

2. Enlighten Thou mine eyes, O incomprehensible Light: dazzle them with Thy glittering splendour, that they behold not vanity. Multiply Thy thunderings and make them afraid.

Let the fountains of water appear, and the foundations of the round world be discovered.

Grant us sight, that we may see Thee, O Light invisible: create a new sense of smell, O Fragrance of Life, that we may run after Thee for the odour of Thy ointments.

Purify the sense of taste, that we may taste and know and discern that great sweetness O Lord, which Thou hast laid up for those who are filled with Thy love.

Give a heart that may think on Thee; a soul that may love Thee, a mind that may remember Thee, an intellect that may understand Thee, a reason that may cleave to Thee as the perfection of delight.

Wise love ever loves Thee, O Life in whom all live, O Life, who givest me life, O Life, who art my Life, through whom I live apart from whom I die.

O Life, by Thee I am raised up again, without Thee I perish,

O Life, in Thee I rejoice, without Thee I am wretched.

O lifegiving Life, gracious and lovely, always in mind, where, I wonder, art Thou? Where shall I find Thee that I may die self and find my life in Thee?

Be Thou ever near my soul, near my heart, near my mouth, my ears, near by to help me, for I am fainting for love of Thee: for without Thee I die, but in contemplating Thee I am revived,

O Life of my soul, Thy fragrance refreshes me the very remembrance of Thee helps me. I shall be satisfied when Thy glory shall appear, O Life of my soul. My soul faints with longing to hear of Thee. When shall I come to appear before Thee, rejoice?

3. Wherefore hidest Thou Thy face, O Joy, wherein I rejoice?

Where art Thou hidden, O Beauty, for whom I long?

I smell Thy fragrance, and live, and rejoice, but Thee I see not.

I hear Thy voice, and revive, and come to life again. But wherefore hidest Thou Thy face?

Peradventure because Thou hast said 'man shall see Me and live'

Then let me die, O Lord, that I may see Thee. Let me see Thee now, and die. I do not wish to live. I would rather die. I long to depart and to be with Christ. I long

die that I may see Christ. I refuse to live in this world in order that I may live with Christ.

Lord Jesu, receive my spirit. O my Life, receive my soul, O my Joy, draw my heart to Thee.

et me feed upon Thee, my sweet food: direct me, O my Head: Light of my eyes, illumine me: Sweet melody, attune my my heart to Thee: O Fragrance revive me: O Word of God, recreate me: Thou art my praise, rejoice the soul of Thy servant.

Enter into my soul, O Joy, that it may rejoice in Thee. Enter into it, O perfect Sweetness, that it may taste Thy pleasant things. Light Eternal, shine upon it, that it may understand and know and love Thee. If it did not love Thee O Lord, it could only be because it did not know Thee: and it did not know Thee because it did not understand: and it did not apprehend Thy light.

and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.

O Light of the mind, O enlightening Truth, O Light, which lighteth every man coming into the world—coming into the world, but not loving it, (for he who loves the world is the enemy of God): dispel the darkness that lies upon the face of the deep of my mind, that I may see and be able to understand Thee, that I may comprehend and know Thee, that knowing Thee

I may love Thee.

For whosoever knows Thee loves Thee: he becomes oblivious of himself, he loves Thee more than he loves himself, he forsakes himself and comes to Thee that he may rejoice in Thee.

Hence it is, O Lord, that I do not yet love Thee as much as I ought, for I do not quite know Thee: but as I know Thee too little, I love Thee too little: and because I love Thee too little I rejoice in Thee too little.

But being drawn away from Thee, my true inward joy, to go after outward things (though all I lack is Thee) yet I seek the false friendships of these outward things.

And so wretched am I, that my heart, which with all its love and affection I ought to give to Thee alone, I have given to vain things, and so, having loved emptiness I have become empty.

Hence it is, O Lord, that I do not rejoice in Thee, or cleave to Thee, for I delight in external things, while Thou delightest in interior things: I pour out my soul to transitory things, I am occupied in imaginations and entangled in conversations, but Thou, O Lord, inhabitest eternity, for Thou art eternal.

Thou art in heaven and I on earth: Thou lovest excellent things, and I base things: Thou celestial things, I terrestrial—and how shall such contradictions ever be harmonized?



Parish Bulletin Potentialities

BY DOROTHY HOWARD

Almost all parish churches, and many of our mission chapels, provide each Sunday some sort of printed or mimeographed bulletin for the perusal of the faithful. For the most part, this leaflet contains all or a portion of the following: names of the parish personnel from Rector to Sexton, inclusive; Order of Service; Music for same; names of the departed in whose memory altar flowers are given; Baptisms; Confirmations; special services; and special events in the parish covering everything from the annual bazaar to the meeting of the Men's Club or Woman's Auxiliary.

Perhaps, these are the real and only functions of the Sunday bulletin: to provide some clue to the services and to serve as reminders for money-raising events or other activities of the parish.

Yet there is here a regular and unobtrusive means of reaching the minds and souls of parishioners who may repel or treat with indifference every other avenue of instruction in Christian faith and practice. A sermon may be listened to attentively or it may be daydreamed through with only apparent interest. A tract case can be glanced at and never really used. A priest can instruct a confirmation class but how can he reach those who have been confirmed long before his arrival (and, perhaps, inadequately instructed) or those who have already forgotten and lapsed from his own instruction?

The weekly bulletin is the one paper that every churchman will read—from curiosity, if nothing else. It is small enough to scan in five minutes, more or less. What a golden opportunity then for a few pithy reminders of the churchman's obligations, of the importance and significance of the Sacraments, suggestions for strengthening the individual's devotional life, pertinent information about the Feast and Fasts of the Church, her Saints, and special liturgical services.

The secular word is continually hurling its claims on the Christian via the printed

word—in magazines, newspapers, books and pamphlets. Surely, once a week, the Church should make at least a small impression through the organ of the parish bulletin. Since this is, in effect, a parish newspaper, it ought to contain something more than the service schedules and organization announcements, which correspond roughly to the ads and notices in a secular newspaper. None of us would read a morning or evening, much less a weekly paper, which consisted solely of meeting announcements, birth and marriage data, and paid advertisements. We expect news of one kind or another, and we get it. Yet the Christian "good news", the Holy Gospel, is preached for a mere half hour once a week at one service in most of our churches and is mentioned little, if at all, in the parish "newspaper."

There seems to be some magic about the written word, whereas a spoken statement may be lightly regarded. Consider the enormous weight that is given to trivial opinions when they appear in a newspaper or magazine. People will say that they know it is true because they saw it in print. This same principle can be used most effectively in the parish bulletin. Where the sermon is either ignored or disregarded by some members of the congregation, the same doctrine if printed in print will attract attention and will be received as bearing greater authority.

Sincere Christians go to church not only to worship Almighty God but to learn more about Him—to get to know Him better—that the religion they profess will have some meaning to them, and will eventually exert a definite, tangible influence on their lives and on their personal relationships with God and with each other. Is it too much for them to expect that their spiritual father, the priest of their parish, will exert every effort of which he is capable, under God, to instruct and inspire them in the love and service of the Heavenly Father?

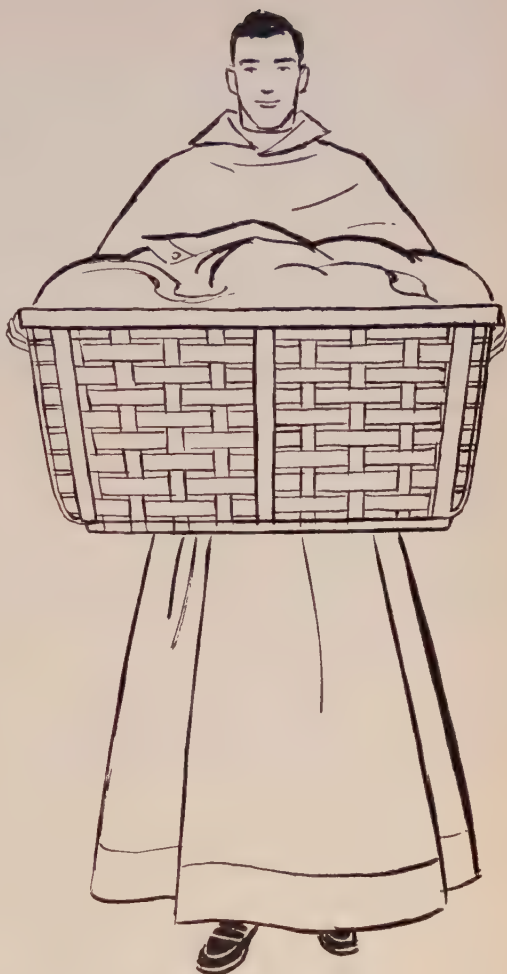
Fortunately, some of our rectors do make

good use of their bulletins, and although they may be only single mimeographed sheets their contents are often so vital and arresting that they are not only treasured by their parishioners but are often passed on to members of other parishes who are eager to learn more of their religion.

It is by no means requisite that a rector possess any exceptional writing ability in order to make his Sunday bulletin edifying to the faithful. It is neither necessary, nor desirable, that highly technical theological language be employed. In fact, the simpler and clearer the better. Just so it is meaningful, appropriate, authoritative, and helpful to the average layman, whether he or she be eighteen or eighty.

If Churchmen wish to know the why's and wherefore's of their religion and many souls drift from the church into false teachings simply because they are never given any real answers to questions which they are often too timid or proud to ask.

If all rectors would prepare their weekly bulletin with some of the serious, prayerful study with which they prepare their weekly sermons, they would not only enable their people to grasp more fully the mighty truths of the Faith but would help them also deepen and strengthen their relationship with our Blessed Lord.



Order of Saint Helena

Newburgh Notes

Sisters Jeanette and Marianne spent the first ten days of August helping Fr. Charles conduct a daily vacation school at St. Andrew's, Beacon, just across the Hudson from Newburgh. During the second week of August, Fr. Stevens, O.H.C., occupied our guest house for a so-called "rest", though he worked so faithfully coaching us in choir practice that we fear it was a vacation in name only.

One of our Associates, Dr. Nellie Bellamy, visited us between her classes in N. Y. C., and conducted several stimulating sessions in Church History here. As she taught us,

one of the earmarks of a "false prophet" in the early Church was a prolonged stay in any one home. Dr. Bellamy is certainly *not* a false prophet, much to our regret. We were delighted to have several other Associates and many friends join our Order and a Holy Cross contingent for the St. Helena's Day celebration. Through the kindness of Father Carruthers and Mr. Charles Robinson, a brand new Convent sign greeted them and our Versailles Sisters when they turned in the drive. The festivities began with an outdoor Solemn High Mass celebrated by Bishop Campbell, with Fr. Kroll as Deacon and Fr. Packard as Sub-Deacon. Servers were Brothers Benedict, Thomas, Charles

and Fr. Flinchbaugh. A coffee hour on the terrace followed Mass, and not long after that, luncheon. Then at 3:30 we gathered with grateful hearts for the blessing of our new priest's house, or "monastery" the gift of a friend. This was done just in time for Bishop Campbell, our Long Retreat conductor, to move in, since that night marked the beginning of retreat. After a blessed ten days of prayer, the retreat ended with choral Mass, renewal of vows, and corporate communion on August 29th. The joys of our life together made us sorry to

see the Kentucky Sisters depart. While we had such a large family, we were especially thankful for our garden crops, which are flourishing.

During September many guests visited the Convent, and we're pleased to report quite a few recent additions to our Association ranks.

On September 25th, Sisters Josephine and Jean traveled to St. Andrew's Trenton where Sister Jean conducted a quite day and gave an address on the Religious Life.

Versailles Notes

The big event of August was for us, as for our Sisters at the Mother House, of course, the long retreat and annual chapter of the Order, held this year for the first time at Newburgh. The first two weeks of August we were busy getting ready to go. School jobs, including the audit, were finished, and the Convent made ready for closing. It was something of a puzzle how to manage to keep enough clean habits and choir books in Kentucky until the last office was said and our black habits (for travelling) put on, to have a white habit and our choir books ready for use when we arrived in Newburgh, and ready to look like a caravan of gypsies en route.

There is a shortage of Matins books, and they are lumpy things for travelling companions, being large brown-covered spring-birders with mimeographed sheets inside. Nineteen years ago we made some extra ones in Versailles for Holy Cross, and ran off almost twenty for ourselves. At that time, when we were just beginning our life under the Holy Cross rule, and were nine in number, twenty seemed an extravagantly optimistic number to plan for. We did not dream of the blessings God had in store for us. Nor did we ever imagine that some day we should have such a beautiful place as our new Mother House, with its acres of lovely grounds full of great trees and bright gardens, and the big brick house that takes such hospitable care of us all!

We arrived in Newburgh in time for Helena's Day, and had the joy of meeting some of the friends of our Order with whom our Sisters have been worshipping on St.



ys, and for whom our intercessions have often been asked. It was a treat for us to be present at the High Mass celebrated in the patio.

The retreat itself began that night. It was a memorable one, conducted by Bishop Campbell, O. H. C., who had been our Superior during the past six years.

After chapter we packed our habits and returned our books again for the return journey to Kentucky. The work awaiting us there was the opening of another school year. The faculty conference was held from September 8-13, and the students arrived during the next two days.

Sister Mary Teresa is teaching in the Church School at St. John's this year, each Sunday. Sister Jeanette has returned to Kentucky after two years' absence, newly possessed of a degree in Art Education from the Chicago Art Institute. Sister Louise has been assigned to the Versailles Convent for the first time.

November Feature

November 25 marks the seventieth anniversary of Father Huntington's life profession in the Order of the Holy Cross. This event, so important in our history, is also of great interest to all those who through the years have been inspired by the life of this remarkable priest, and have been sustained in the faith by his spiritual sons. We are happy to announce that the November issue of THE HOLY CROSS MAGAZINE will be devoted to an article by Mr. Robert Adamson which was originally presented as a thesis for the master of arts degree. This article will be accompanied by a number of illustrations.

Notes

Father Superior preached on Sunday, September 26 at Saint George's Church, Newburgh, New York.

Bishop Campbell conducted a retreat for associates of the Community of Saint Mary at the convent in Peekskill, New York.



Father Hawkins conducted a retreat for the Order of Saint Anne at their convent in Kingston, New York.

Father Harris gave one of the retreats for seminarians at Holy Cross Monastery, West Park, New York.

Father Bicknell has been transferred to Mount Calvary Monastery, Santa Barbara, California.

Father Packard held a retreat for seminarians at the House of the Redeemer, New York City.

Father Adams conducted the annual priests' retreat at Holy Cross Monastery; and conducted a retreat for deaconesses at Christ Church, New Haven, Connecticut.

Current Appointments

Father Sperrior will give a quite day at the Church of the Mediator, Allentown, Pennsylvania on October 9. Immediately afterwards he will start on his visitations for the Order of the Holy Cross and the

Order of Saint Helena. He will conduct his visitation at the convent at Versailles, Kentucky, October 17-25. From there he will proceed to Tennessee where he will be at Saint Andrew's School from October 27—November 5.

Father Packard will give a mission at Saint George's Church, Utica, New York, October 31—November 7.

Father Adams will conduct a mission at Saint Paul's Church, Windsor, Vermont, October 24-31.

Father Gunn will hold a mission at Trinity Church, Cranford, New Jersey, October 17-24.

Brother James will give a short mission at Saint Mary's School, Peekskill, New York, October 24-29.



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NOTICE

The Book "Reformation and Catholicity" reviewed in the September issue of our magazine can be had from: American Church Union, 347 Madison Ave., New York, 17.

An Ordo of Worship and Intercession Oct. - Nov. 1954

- 16 *Of St. Mary Simple W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Veneration) —for the peace of the world*
 - 17 18th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) St. Etheldreda V 3) of the Saints cr pref of Trinity —for the tempted
 - 18 St. Luke Evangelist Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles —for Church hospitals
 - 19 Tuesday G Mass of Trinity xviii col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for the Priests Associate
 - 20 Wednesday G Mass as on October 19—for the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross
 - 21 St. Hilarion Ab Simple W gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for all ordinands
 - 22 Friday G Mass as on October 19—for the Holy Cross Press
 - 23 *Of St. Mary Simple W Mass as on October 16—for the Order of Saint Helena*
 - 24 19th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) St. Raphael Archangel cr pref of Trinity LG St. Raphael—for missions to be preached this year
 - 25 Monday G Mass of Trinity xix col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—for the Sem-inarists Associate
 - 26 Tuesday G Mass of Trinity xix col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for Saint Andrew's School
 - 27 Vigil of SS Simon and Jude V col 2) of St. Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for the Confraternity of the Love of God
 - 28 SS Simon and Jude App Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for the bishops of the Church
 - 29 Martyrs of Uganda Double R gl—for missions to Negroes
 - 30 Vigil of all Saints V col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop—for vocations to the religious life
 - 31 Christ the King Double I Cl W gl col 2) Trinity xx cr prop pref LG Sunday—for the Servants of Christ the King
- November 1 All Saints Double I Cl W gl cr prop pref through Octave unless otherwise directed—*for the All Saints Sisters of the Poor*
- 2 All Souls B Masses of Requiem seq pref of the dead—*for the faithful departed*
 3. *Within the Octave Semidouble W Mass a) of All Saints gl col 2) Trinity xx cr or b) of Sunday G col 2) All Saints—for Christian reunion*
 - 4 St. Charles Borromeo BC Double W gl col 2) All Saints cr—*for the Oblates of Mount Calvary*
 - 5 *Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop cr—for Christian family life*
 - 6 *Within the Octave Semidouble W Mass as on November 5—for the Confraternity of the Christian life*
 - 7 21st Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) All Saints cr pref of Trinity—*for the ill and suffering*
 - 8 Octave of All Saints Gr Double W gl cr—*for the persecuted*
 - 9 Tuesday G Mass of Trinity xxi col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for chaplains in the armed services
 - 10 Wednesday G Mass as on November 9—*for the Liberian Mission*
 - 11 St. Martin BC Double W gl—*for our country*
 - 12 Friday G Mass as on November 9—*for Mount Calvary Priory*
 - 13 *Of St Mary Simple W Mass as on October 16—for the Community of Saint Mary*
 - 14 22nd Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) Bestowal of the Episcopate cr pref of Trinity LG feast—*for the reconciliation of enemies*
 - 15 St Albert the Great BCD Double W gl cr—*for Church theologians*
 - 16 St Edmund Rich BC Double W gl—*for all deacons*

. . . Press Notes . . .

CONGRESSES. The Brother James, O. H. C., and Father Drake of *Holy Cross Press* handled the exhibits at Chicago and Minneapolis. They both feel that they were most fortunate in being able to attend and returned to West Park with renewed faith in the future of the Catholic cause, and of the Anglican Communion generally.

THE A. C. U. We feel that the whole Church is deeply indebted to Canon du Bois, Secretary of the American Church Union, and his several committees, for the wonderful Congress in Chicago. While the attendance was somewhat below that anticipated, and while the crowd seemed a bit "lost" in the huge stadium, the spirit was excellent, the addresses stimulating and ably presented, and the sermon by the Bishop of Chicago a masterpiece of sound doctrine and true Christian charity. Solemn Evensong with the Bishop of Milwaukee as Officiant was beautifully done, and the great Solemn Mass, celebrated by the Bishop of Long Island, was offered with great reverence.

MINNEAPOLIS. The Anglican Congress brought into clear focus the world-wide character of our Communion, and being there was, for some of us, the privilege of a lifetime. At one time we entertained the idea that English bishops were rather stiff and stand-offish. The ones we talked with were anything but that. On the train to Minneapolis we sat across from a bishop who returned our introduction with, "Very nice to meet you. I'm the wildman from

Borneo"! In thanking the Bishop of London for his remarkable speech at the opening session, he replied, "Well, thank you very much. Most kind of you. Every mother likes to have her baby praised".

We were kept so busy at the display Booth that we didn't find time to hear many of the speeches, but so many of the bishops, clergies, and laymen stopped to look at our books and pictures, and to chat with us that we didn't mind in the least. It was thrilling to meet fellow-Churchmen from England, Scotland, Ireland, India, Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, Korea, Canada, etc., etc.. We shall always treasure the breakfast-chat with Bishop Cooper, the hero of Korea.

But the heart of the matter was in the Mass (the several national liturgies were used) and other services of worship. Congregations were always large, and a real spirit of devotion was manifest. The Bishops of Minnesota and their many helpers were perfect hosts.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING. Let us help you. Books make excellent gifts. Or a subscription to *Holy Cross Magazine*. We cannot place your order now, and not wait about it at the last minute. After all, only 60 days to Christmas—more or less—by the time you read this.

HOLY CROSS PRESS

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